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Services and address at the  
funeral of the late Henry





























*Henry S. Garrett*

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# SERVICES AND ADDRESS

AT THE

F U N E R A L

OF THE LATE

Henry S. Garrett,

*October 12th, 1867.*



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## FUNERAL SERVICES.

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A LARGE concourse of the friends of Mr. GARRETT, having assembled at his late residence, the REV. JOHN LEYBURN, D.D., his pastor, conducted the funeral services as follows:

“Man’s days are as grass. As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. The wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more.

“When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away. His glory shall not descend after him. As he came, naked shall he return, and shall take nothing of his labor which he may carry away in his hand.

“Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.

“I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, to the house appointed for all living. There is no discharge in that war. There is an appointed time for man upon earth. His days are as the days of an hireling. His days are determined; the number of his months is with Thee. Thou hast appointed his bounds that

he cannot pass. Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away.

“All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come: then shall I go the way of all the earth. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. My flesh and my heart faileth; but Thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever. For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him till that day.

“Though a man die, yet shall he live again. I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

“It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O, Death, where is thy sting? O, Grave, where is thy victory? The sting

of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

“The righteous hath hope in his death. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. The day of their death is better than that of their birth. For we know that if our earthly house of His tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. I shall be satisfied, O Lord, when I awake in Thy likeness. Then shall He say to them upon His right hand, ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world.’

“In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for ever more. There the wicked cease



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from troubling and the weary are at rest; and they shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. The Lamb that is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. There shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. I would not live away. To depart and be with Christ is far better. For us to live is Christ; but to die is gain. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

“Watch and pray, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh. Be ye also ready.

“Oh, that men were wise; that they would know this; that they would consider their latter end.”

## FUNERAL ADDRESS.

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I APPEAR before you this morning, brethren and friends, on one of the saddest occasions on which, as a minister and a pastor, I have ever been called to officiate. I come to bury not merely a lamented member of my congregation, but one of my most beloved and valued friends, and one who has been to me such a helper in my work, as it will be difficult to replace. With a true and real grief can I say, in this house of sorrow, I mourn with those that mourn.

The spectacle of death under any circumstances, my brethren, is solemn and painful. When the little infant, which has seen the light but for a few months, is snatched away from the loving hearts which its presence had so recently made glad; or, when the aged sire or venerable matron, bowed under the weight of years, at last wearies and falls in the march of life, the event cannot but open up the fountains of grief and bring a heavy shadow over the household. But when the Destroyer meets the strong man in the

midst of his strength, in the noon-tide of his days, in the plenitude of his success, in his prime and glory, and with the prospect of many years and expanding usefulness before him, then it is that the event strikes us with a solemnity, surprise, and awe such as language has no adequate words to express. Such is that dispensation which has called together this large assembly in this house of woe to-day. That manly form which, as it were, but yesterday, was the impersonation of health and vigor, instinct with life and energy, and most conspicuous amongst the men of business, now lies in this coffin, cold and dead.

This solemn and impressive occasion suggests some notice of the character and life of our departed friend.

As a man of business, occupying the high position he did in this community, no one was better known; and many who are here present can bear witness to the elevated principles according to which he conducted his affairs. No man could have more heartily scorned deception, or artifice, or taking undue advantage, or tricks of trade. He had a lofty idea of mercantile honor, and faithfully did he endeavor to

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act up to it. His integrity was spotless; his honor unblemished. Honest and truthful—his word was as good as his bond. And this high character was not the result of great and painful effort. It was his nature. He could not have been otherwise.

As a friend, he was affable, genial, full of pleasantry, and most companionable. In more serious conversation, he evinced a mind accustomed to observation and sound reflection; and, for a man immersed in business, extraordinary familiarity with classical literature and works of art. His memory was remarkable. What he read or heard he seemed never to forget. And, better than all, he had a true, warm, tender and loving heart. Those who saw only that manly, massive form, and heard only those playful words he so often spoke, could have had no conception of the depth of feeling, the kindness, the almost womanly gentleness, tenderness and sympathy which were a part, and the noblest part, of his nature. One who knew him best has said to me, that he believed there was hardly a day of his life in which he was not thinking of some act of kindness towards some one. Towards that aged Mother, now bowed beneath the



double weight of advanced years and heavy sorrow, his filial devotion was such as is rarely seen, and could not be surpassed. His unwearying attentions, and thoughtful tenderness and care, reminded one of the solicitude and watchfulness of a fond mother for a delicate child. A more beautiful example of filial piety it has never been my lot to witness.

What he was as a brother, the bleeding hearts of those to whom he was bound by that endearing relationship, but too sorrowfully testify. The other day, as I sat with the mourners, the weeping sister said, that in all her life not one unpleasant word or thing had ever passed between the dear one that is gone and herself; and his mourning brother remarked to me, that though he and that departed one had lived together not far short of fifty years, there had never occurred between them the slightest word of difference. Does not this, brethren, of itself, speak volumes as to the beautiful character of our lamented friend?

Nor were his kindly feelings exhausted within his own family circle. Whenever there was a just call for tenderness and sympathy, he was ready to respond. I do not say that he extended aid indiscriminately to

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all appeals; but of this I am sure, that whenever he was satisfied that the case was really a deserving one, he had the heart to sympathize and the hand to help. One day, a few years since, when he saw an unfortunate aged man (a Southern prisoner) passing through the streets, shivering with cold for want of proper clothing, he took off his own overcoat and gave it to him; and the last contribution I ever obtained from him was towards paying the funeral expenses of an impoverished lady, who had come to Baltimore to seek a home, but who found a grave.

But what shall I say in reference to the loss sustained by the church of which our lamented friend was an attendant? Alas! that loss seems to me well-nigh irreparable. When I came to this city, something over eighteen months ago, to become its pastor, he was one of the first to take me by the hand, and from that moment he proved himself a friend and helper indeed. For several months he spent part of nearly every evening with me, and the prominent topic of conversation was almost uniformly the church. Not unfrequently, too, he would drop into my study during the day, with the same object uppermost; and when

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I called, as I often did, at his counting-room, I was always greeted with a genial smile, a warm grasp, and welcome words; and no matter how pressing his business, he found time to attend to the object of my errand. In speaking to his brother in regard to our lamented friend's readiness on all occasions to serve the church and help the pastor, I incidentally referred to his having time at his command. The former corrected me by saying, "He made the time." *Made the time!* What a rebuke this to the many who, notwithstanding their most solemn professions, can rarely, if ever, find time to do the Master's work! My hearers, if we have not time, let us also learn to make time to serve God and His Church.

And when our lamented friend was absent at his annual place of resort—Oakland—he carried his love for the church with him. A year ago, I was shown by one of the family a letter from him to his brother, covering four pages of commercial note paper. With their large and pressing affairs, one might have supposed that the letters between them would be almost exclusively on business. Not so in this case. The first paragraph was on business, and all the rest about

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the church. Only a few weeks since, I received a letter from him from Oakland, and I need hardly say that the same theme predominated in that.

As to attendance on the house of God, our friend was an example to be admired and imitated. He was always in his place, no matter what the weather. Through sunshine and through storm, amid heat and cold he came; and one night, when it was so tempestuous that I did not even go myself, I found, on meeting him the next day, that he had been there. And he not only heard the sermons, but he reflected on them, and often spoke with me as to the subjects discussed, and sometimes suggested topics to me. Two sermons which I preached last Spring from the text, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," were prepared at his request. I had often noticed his interest for the humble and the poor in our own flock. When first making my acquaintance with the families and members of the congregation, he used to mention the humbler as those he wished me to visit; and in more than one instance suggested



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that when I made a prayer with them, I should give it such direction as would meet their peculiar trials, which he at the time would state to me.

It may surprise some present, after what has been said, to hear that our friend was not a communicant in the church. I regretted that he could not see his way clear to take that step; but he had high views as to what should be the character and life of a professing Christian, and that may have kept him back. Had he lived, I think he would not much longer have delayed that duty. Would that all who do profess religion were as earnest and faithful in helping on the cause of God.

I have said that our dear friend sometimes suggested to me themes and texts for sermons. He still more frequently suggested hymns—favorites of his own—which he hoped I would use as frequently as possible in our services. One of these was:

“O, for a closer walk with God.”

Another:

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend;”

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And another :

“ People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort no where found.  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me into rest.”

As to the music of the church, he was almost its life and soul. With much expenditure of time and trouble, he found the singers, and after their organization, was accustomed to cheer them by his presence at their practicings, and by many kind words and deeds.

It was at Oakland, whither he was accustomed to resort to escape his annual visitation of the Hay fever, that he was smitten with the disease which has laid him low in death ; and whilst there he was planning to build a church at that place ; and as I stood beside his dying bed, he referred to his not having been able to carry out that desire of his heart. During most of our friend's illness he was delirious, but the

day before his death, during a lucid interval, I talked and prayed with him. It was on Wednesday, and seeming to remember that that was our usual evening for the weekly meeting, he asked me if I was going to preach that night. I told him I was; and I then said to him: "I have been thinking much about you and of those hymns you used to wish me to give out. One of them, you know, was,

" 'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend.'

"I hope you feel that it is sweet to be before the Cross of our blessed Saviour."

"O, yes!" he replied.

"How many have you received to the Church?" he asked.

"We have not had a communion since you left," said I; "but I hope, if God spares your life, when we have another, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you."

"I don't wish to debate that matter with you, Doctor," said he; "but I have the idea that one who makes a profession of religion should be perfectly

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pure and blameless. I have been trying to do my duty."

"But," said I, "you know that we can't be saved, except through Christ's merits."

"Certainly," he said.

"Do you feel," said I, "that your entire reliance for salvation is on our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"

His countenance immediately began to brighten with an expression which I have often seen him have when saying what gratified him, and he replied :

"Surely, surely ; none other ; none other !"

And those were the last words I ever heard him speak.

The afternoon of that day, during a brief lucid interval, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and made, in an audible voice, a most beautiful prayer ; and the morning of his death he attempted to sing a hymn, but his strength and breath were too far gone.

And now, brethren, what are the lessons which we should learn from the life and death of our departed friend ?

We are, of course, reminded of the mysteriousness of the ways of Providence. "My ways are not your



ways ; neither are your thoughts My thoughts, saith the Lord." Had our ways and thoughts prevailed, that cold corpse would not be lying before us to-day. We should have said that if the fell Destroyer must have his victim, there are others who can be better spared. Why should the fatal shaft fall on one so valued and so useful ; upon one who seemed so indispensable to this loving little circle of his immediate home ? That this dear, aged mother, and this devoted only sister, should be deprived of his cheering presence and his protecting care—this does, indeed, seem a mysterious Providence. But "Be still, and know that I am God." Doubtless, He who sent this heavy sorrow has some wise and good end in view. On his death-bed our dear friend repeated that familiar couplet of Cowper :

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,"

And we may now add from the same favorite hymn :

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face."

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Let us further learn from this sad event, how utterly futile are all human resources to stay the footsteps of Death. Our beloved friend had well-nigh all the world could give. He had position, influence, large wealth, a wide circle of friends, a devoted family, great success—everything, indeed,—and yet, after all, they could not arrest the Destroyer. How true that “Death with impartial footsteps knocks at the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor.”

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,  
Await alike th’ inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Yes, to the grave we all must go. From the midst of wealth and friends and all that earth can give, we must descend to take our place in the narrow house appointed for the living. O, ye strong men—men of cares and men of business, who hear me to-day, listen to the voice of warning which comes to you. Take heed to those words of our Saviour: “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,

where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." "In a day and an hour when ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Death may be nearer than you imagine, and at farthest he cannot be far away.

" Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though strong and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

And does not this event also teach us the priceless value of a personal interest in the salvation of Christ? That secured, we are ready for every contingency. Come what will, then, we cannot be losers. Like the wise virgins, we shall have our lamps trimmed and our lights burning; so that whenever the bridegroom comes, whether at midnight or at cock-crowing, we shall have nothing to do but to rise and meet him.

And, finally, how impressively does this sad event remind us of the necessity and value of the consolations of our blessed religion? For such a sorrow as this, no creature remedies can avail. Only He who hath made the wounds can heal them. But, blessed be God, He can. He can speak words of comfort to

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the mourning heart; He can support the bereaved under the heaviest grief; He can shed light on the dark night of weeping and bring joy in the morning; He can make the fainting, troubled spirit to hear those words which have come, like heavenly music, to so many in affliction: "Fear not; I am with thee; I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

May God in His infinite mercy and grace comfort and bless this bereaved family; and may He so sanctify this event to all here present, and especially to these men of business, as that we shall see that this great sorrow was not sent in vain. May God help us all so to live, as that when Death comes, we shall be ready to die, and go to that sinless, and sorrowless world, where there shall be no more death, and where all tears shall be wiped away.

The choir gathered by our departed friend is here to-day. They come not merely as spectators, nor in a formal way to pay the last tribute of respect. They come as mourners for one whose loss they deeply feel. They will now sing "Dundee," one of the tunes the departed used so often to ask them to sing—to the hymn:



“Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death’s alarms?  
’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms.

“Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.

“Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay  
And left a long perfume.

“The graves of all His saints He blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

“Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

“Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints! ascend the skies.”

PRAYER BY REV. J. J. BULLOCK, D. D.

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Our heavenly Father, we invoke Thy blessing to rest upon the solemn services in which we are engaged, in paying the last tribute of affection and of piety towards Thy servant, our brother, whose body lies in the coffin, and is about to be consigned to the silent grave. Divine Redeemer, we are comforted in the loss which Thou hast sent upon us in the revelation which Thou hast made of Thyself, as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; who can sympathize with us in our sorrows; who hast the heart of a brother, and who dost not afflict His people willingly. We do beseech Thee, O, thou kind and merciful High Priest, to look in tender compassion upon Thine aged hand-maiden, whom Thou hast deprived by death of the society of a son that was endeared to her by the tenderest and strongest ties of nature and affection. And wilt Thou bless the bereaved sister and brother

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and friends. We do pray that the void that has been made in their hearts by the removal of one that was so near and dear to them, may be filled with the love of God shed abroad therein. May they be enabled, by Thy grace assisting them, to cast all their cares upon Christ, their compassionate Saviour, who careth for them; and may their affliction, which is but for a season, work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Our Father, Thou knowest that this was an undivided family upon earth. We pray that they may be an undivided and united family in the Kingdom of Heaven; and wilt Thou enable those of us who have met to sympathize with them in their sore bereavement to make a suitable improvement of this solemn dispensation of Thy Providence. May we treasure up in our memories the lessons which have been given to us by Thy servant, who has spoken of the virtues of him whose death we have met to deplore and to improve. May all present remember and imitate those virtues, so that we may enjoy the smiles of God, and have within us a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Divine Redeemer,

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we thank Thee for those words of consolation which were spoken by Thee to Thy sorrowing disciples in view of Thine own death, and which are full of comfort to all Thy people in every age: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." We commit ourselves, Heavenly Father, into Thy hands. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Prepare us all for the solemn hour of death, when it is Thy will to call us hence, and finally receive us all into Thine everlasting Kingdom, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, where all tears are wiped away, and the weary are forever at rest. And to Thy name, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we will ascribe present and everlasting praise. Amen.

The remains were then borne to Greenmount Cemetery, where the REV. DR. LEYBURN concluded the services as follows:



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“I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die. This life is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment. And they that sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. So teach us to number our days as that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

Let us pray:

Almighty and Everlasting God, Thou art the maker of our bodies and the Father of our spirits. In Thee we live and move and have our being, and at Thy command our bodies must return to dust again, and our spirits go back to Him that gave them. In Thy mysterious Providence it has pleased Thee to call away from this world our lamented brother, whom we now bury out of our sight. Standing, as we do, around the grave of the strong man stricken down in his strength—in his prime and glory—we desire to realize “how vain are all things here below;” to lay

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to heart our own mortality, and to learn better how to live and better how to die. Again, we beseech Thee, most mercifully to look upon this afflicted family, to soothe their sorrows and comfort their hearts, and to give them to feel in their own experience that "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Deeply impress this most solemn event upon the business friends and companions of our deceased brother. May

"These living men come view the ground  
Where they must shortly lie,"

And may they learn to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. Prepare us all for the summons which ere long shall come for us. May we die the death of the righteous; and when the resurrection trumpet shall awake the dead, may we arise to everlasting life and blessedness; which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, rest and abide upon you all, now and forevermore. Amen.

The Choir then sang, to the tune "Old Hundred," the following hymn:

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed:  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn!  
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:  
Restore thy trust: a glorious form  
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!















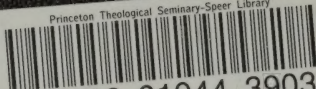








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